TMF

August 1990

THE MAC FLYER - For Greater Safety in MAC Air Operations

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THE MAC FLYER—For Greater Safety in MAC Air Operations

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TMF Readership Survey

Every three years *The MAC Flyer* staff actively solicits feedback from readers. Periodically (no pun), we need to get a measure of our performance. This is our way of becoming more effective and responsive to our readers' desires.

The MAC Flyer Official Readership Survey (MAC Form 290) was available on page 7 in the March issue, or perhaps you received one from your friendly wing/squadron safety folks. Hopefully, you took a few moments to respond with some constructive comments.

Let's review *TMF's* mission. Our charter is to publish a monthly magazine focusing on MAC flight safety-related subjects. The official name of our office (HQ MAC/IGFE) is "Safety Education and Awards." We are *not* a public relations magazine or a command newsletter. We address MAC crewmembers and concentrate on mishap prevention through greater awareness. Whenever possible, we attempt to impart the safety message in an interesting, entertaining, and attractive format.

Now, on to *your* responses. One third of you read between six and eight issues of the magazine per year, and 21 percent read every issue (cover to cover, we trust). A clear majority, three-fourths, receive copies at the work center and only 2.2 percent in the latrine (FSOs take note). Two-thirds of those responding read most of each issue while 2.6 percent find the magazine "dull" or "really bad" (ouch!).

TMF's primary goal is to increase safety awareness. Survey question Number 4 asked, "How much do you feel *'The Flyer'* has increased your safety awareness?" More than half think it has "some" while 21 percent say "a great deal."

As far as specific features are concerned, "Mishap With A Moral" is very popular, as is the "Excellence in Airmanship." We get the message—you like to read about real people, real aircraft, and real events. By the way, for us to increase the number of folks recognized in "Excellence in Airmanship," unit commanders and safety officers need to keep those nominations pouring in.

Heee's baaaack! To the delight of 81 percent of our readership, C.R. Terror (adventures of MAC's most senior major) returned as a lean, mean, fightin' machine; okay, would you believe within weight limits? The "new" C.R. is trying to clean up his act, but bad habits are tough to overcome.

Brad "Mac" MacKenzie, called by one respondent, "New wave yup pup," has taken the bonus and relegated to a temporary staff job. Many survey forms gave Brad an "Okay."

There were a few specific requests asking for more coverage of Helos, enlisted crewmembers, warriors, etc. We try, but we can't please everbody all of the time!

Overall, the written comments were praiseworthy; some came in even from outside the MAC world—USCG, Canadian Air Force, TAC, maintenance, ops admin, and airline pilots. We thank you for your support and encouragement.

A final point: this magazine is written and edited by *TMF* staff. There are so few of us, compared to so many of you, we can use your help. Your stories give *TMF* that personal touch which you have come to love and enjoy.

We especially want our crewmembers to share their experiences in these pages. So, all you pilots, navigators, engineers, loadmasters, stewards, scanners, P.J.s, etc., let us hear from you. If you have a story to tell but are worried about sentence structure, punctuation, spelling, and all that stuff, don't be—that's our job. Don't be bashful! Tell us your story, and see your name in print in your very own magazine!

Comments:

"Overall good magazine and informative." C-130 Loadmaster

"Not enough on helicopters!" MH-60G Pilot (Have you considered writing a story?—Ed.)

"The *Flyer* does not seem to be found in great quantities." C-5 Flight Engineer (*TMF* is published at an approximate ratio of one per every five

crewmembers. Check with your safety folks to confirm your unit is getting a fair share—Ed.)

"Nonrated ops types read it too!" Operations Management

"Keep up the good work; stop wasting money on color; keep C.R. Terror and dump "Mac" McK." C-130 Pilot

"Promote C.R.'s crew! Ought to be rewarded for flying with him!" MC/AC-130 Loadmaster

"It's great that you brought C.R. Terror back—if we can't laugh at ourselves, we're too impersonal to be good aviators/officers." C-130 Navigator

"I refuse to read *TMF* since you refused to acknowledge my two consecutive entries to the writing contest (both of which were excellent, I might add.) C-5 Pilot

Well there you have it; both the good—and the bad.

THE MAC FLYER OFFICIAL READERSHIP SURVEY

(Please circle for questions 1 - 7)

1. ABOUT HOW MANY ISSUES OF "THE MAC FLYER" HAVE YOU SEEN IN THE PAST 12 MONTHS?
   0 1 2 3 4 5 6 (7) 8 9 10 11 12
2. HOW SOON AFTER PUBLICATION COVER MONTH DO YOU USUALLY SEE EACH ISSUE?
   Early same month | (Middle same month) | Late same month | Month after | Even later
3. WHERE DO YOU USUALLY GET YOUR COPIES OF "THE MAC FLYER?"
   Normal distribution | (Work Center) | Another person | Mail | Other *(Stolen, etc.)*
4. HOW MUCH DO YOU FEEL "THE FLYER" HAS INCREASED YOUR SAFETY AWARENESS?
   A great deal | (Some) | A little | Not much | Not Any
5. ABOUT HOW MUCH OF THE MAGAZINE DO YOU USUALLY READ PER ISSUE?
   Cover to cover | 75% | (50%) | 25% | One or two articles | None
6. HOW DO YOU RATE "THE FLYER'S" OVERALL READABILITY?
   Super | (Interesting) | Not too interesting | Dull
7. HOW DO YOU RATE THE MAGAZINE'S OVERALL APPEARANCE COMPARED TO OTHER SIMILAR TYPE PUBLICATIONS?
   Bee-u-tiful | Pleasing | (Okay) | Less than Okay | Really bad
8. PLEASE RATE THE FOLLOWING FEATURES AND ARTICLES FOR CONTENT AND FREQUENCY

ITEM	CONTENT (1 = Yuck - 5 = Great)					FREQUENCY		
	1	2	3	4	5	NEED MORE	OK	NEED LESS
TECHNICAL ARTICLES *(Facts, figures, formulas for flying)*			✓				✓	
MISHAP WITH A MORAL *(Feature stories about major mishaps)*				✓			✓	
FICTION FEATURES *(Selling safety with imagination)*			✓				✓	
CARTOON / TOUCH 'N' GO *(Back cover)*				✓			✓	
C.R. TERROR *(The adventures of MAC's most senior major)*			✓				✓	
BRAD "MAC" MAC KENZIE		✓					✓	
QUICK STOPPERS *(Short mishaps)*				✓			✓	
WRITING CONTEST STORIES			✓				✓	
EXCELLENCE IN AIRMANSHIP *("Atta-crewmembers")*				✓			✓	
GLOBAL NOTES *(Items of interest)*				✓			✓	
AFTER DEADLINES *(Last minute items)*			✓				✓	
OTHER *(You specify)*			✓				✓	

9. MY AIRCREW POSITION IS: all

10. TYPE AIRCRAFT QUALIFIED IN: all

11. COMMENTS *(Expletives deleted)*

Lots of tac pilots wouldn't admit it but we still read your magazine - Some of the crew stories still apply here F-16 Pilot.

Do away with the MAC Flyer - Support Navy Approach magazine. HH-2H Pilot

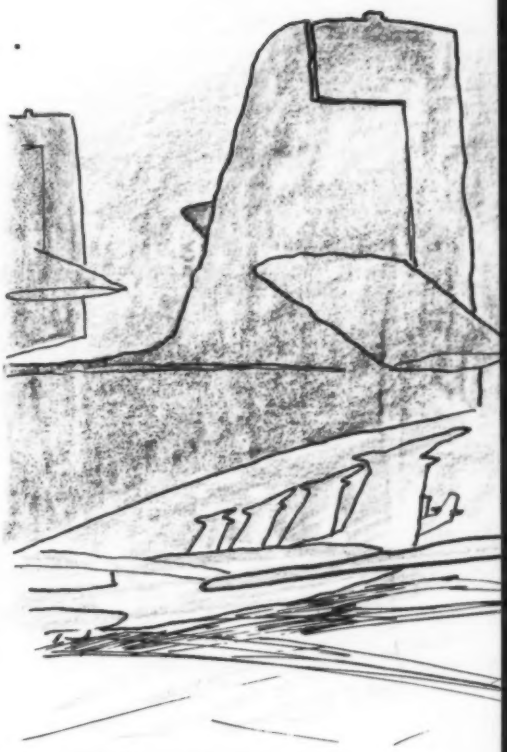
Don't read it often C-141 Pilot.

MAC Form 290, FEB 90

SORRY, I CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT!

"They" remember too . . . .

By Capt. Robert T. McSpadden
53 MAS, Norton AFB, Calif.



The desert had been quiet for some time. Accustomed to rituals like those taking place today, the older residents watched amusingly as the new arrivals took in the steel fences and looped barbed wire that would forever separate them from free flight. On Row 237D, a rusty Caribou appeared to graze on some weeds which had sprung up under its gear, while overhead, a fantailed hawk soared in mock condescendence, gliding through the warm Arizona breeze, waiting for the night's hunt. Among the old birds, it was the end of an era and a time for quiet reflection. Tail Number 60138 didn't know any better.

The last of the Starlifters to be assigned here, '138 settled into its new chocks and struggled to see through the freshly-painted windows. The flight from the west coast had taken just over an hour, which closed out the forms at 44,397.2. It wasn't a record, but it gave the venerable old jet reason to reflect on more than 35 years of flying.

There had been times when '138 didn't expect to ever see *The Yard*; times when the distance between staying aloft or being spread across some unnamed hill seemed to be mere inches, and times when miracles really *did* happen. But that was all history now. He had made it, and celebrating with old buddies, some of whom he hadn't seen since the assembly plant back in the 60s, seemed like the right thing to do. Until '138 took count.

TSgt. Paul Blackney was just closing the huge tracked gates separating Davis-Monthan's ramp from *The Yard* when it happened. There was nobody else near. It may have been a stray electron in the Lockheed wiring system or maybe a blown reverse current relay in the cockpit voice recorder. It could have been any number of things, but something activated the speaker on '138's flight deck. Half a mile away, a defunct Trans World Arlines DC-3 was suddenly interrupted from watching the sunset over a favorite hill. It didn't take long for the old taildragger to figure out what was going on; same thing happened back in '77 when that B-52 started squawking about The War, SAMs, friends, and well, that was a different story, and this sounded unusual. . . .What it sounded like was an old man.

"I guess we're not all here," the speaker grumbled aloud, and then paused for an awkwardly long time. '138's count had come up 13 short. "I've never tried this before, I mean, using my own speaker, but I don't suppose there's anyone around to hear now. It's been a very long time since I last saw some of you, and I guess we should all feel pretty lucky to have made it this far. After all, in the past thirty odd years, I've had my yoke turned by over three thousand pilots, had my

1990 MAC FLIGHT SAFETY WRITING CONTEST SECOND PLACE

fuel tanks drained by several thousand engineers, and I've been loaded with billions of tons of cargo. Hell, I suppose we all have. The truth is, it's a little sad to think I'll never again know the thrill of rushing air under my belly, or the warmness of lower altitudes after a long ride above the freezing level, nor the terror of yawing to the runway's edge after losing an engine on takeoff. For the first time, basking in our glory at having made *The Yard*, there's the knowledge of something which goes way beyond that sadness." '138 paused again and then asked no one in particular, "Where are the rest of us?" The compound was still silent. After all, the DC-3 thought, this guy was on a roll, and he probably had something worth listening to.

"The pilots are always fond of saying, 'If planes could only talk.' Well, we can't really. If we could, I'm sure each one of us would have a story to tell. But the stories rarely told are those that get lost on some mountain out there, or in some ocean, or short of some airport boundary. Where are those stories? We all know the black boxes don't tell it all. I guess when you don't see the plane parked in the next spot for awhile you assume it's just up there, transferred, or back home getting worked on. But I was the last one in here, and some of us are missing."

Blackney had fainted.

"I remember the time back in '94, during an exercise out in the desert somewhere; I was lead on a four-ship night drop. We had just unloaded everyone out the back end and, as we started a climbing right turn away from the DZ, something caught my eye. I was scanning on the 25-mile range, and this thing was well within the circle. We were only at 500 feet, and 600 feet in front of us was one of those little single engine guys. That pilot lit up my CVR like a bundle of dynamite. Well, we closed on the little guy in a matter of seconds, and before I could get nervous, my elevator screwed to the backstop and all four went to the wall. I even dumped in a little extra JP-4 to help get outta' there. We cleared that little guy by about 50 feet. It was the only option we had. Diving would probably have put all four of us in the ground—and there was nowhere to turn." '138 coughed and then added as an afterthought, "I'm glad that guy had the training." His batteries were almost dead from telling the story, but the old "newcomer" managed one last thought. "The thing is, 70022 was my Number 3 on that flight, but I haven't seen him here yet."

"Alaska," said a voice two rows back. This, the old DC-3 could not believe. When that Buff had babbled on nearly ten years ago, nobody else had said a word. This was turning into a Starlifter party.

"Happened six years ago while I was on the ramp at Elmendorf," tail Number 71088 continued, uninterrupted. "22 was due to take off at 0545 the next morning, and we spent the night together in adjacent hardstands. Well, it snowed pretty hard that night, and when the crew showed up the next morning, the deicing truck had already been ordered. Although it took 45 minutes to get everything cleared of snow and ice, when the job was done, '22 looked pretty good, like we all do after a good wash. The next problem came after the crew started running checklists. They found a stuck fuel heat shutoff valve on the Number 1 engine, so maintenance was called out with a new valve. After the engine shop troops tried to reconfigure the valve for 30 minutes, they finally installed the new one and signed off the forms. You all with me so far?" '88 asked the crowd.

The old Douglas was flabbergasted. Thousands of cockpit loudspeakers dispersed over several hundred acres of desert gargled out a "yes." There were veterans from the Berlin Airlift, helos with sagas of Vietnam, and commercial birds with untold thousands of hours of flight experience. None, of course, had ever conversed before, but tonight would end all of that.

71088 hadn't finished. "Now, I'm just relaying the facts here. The night before, '22 played the last thirty odd minutes of his CVR for me. The pilot was pretty young, and you could tell he enjoyed being in command for only his second mission. '22 told me he was a good stick, too. Toward the end of the tape, he said something about approaching weather, and he hoped it wouldn't make him late taking off for Yokota in the morning. Something about a scheduled helicopter ride with a friend stationed in Japan. Anyway, maintenance replaced the stuck valve, the engines were started, and we said goodbye. Eight minutes later, '22 was at the bottom of Cook Inlet with seven crewmembers and two passengers inside."

"Stuck flight controls?" someone asked.

"Must have been," '88 answered. "It was over an hour since deicing and the ice was pretty bad. Anyway, that's one of us that didn't make *The Yard*."

"And one pilot that never got his helicopter ride," another jet gargled for the first time. "Too bad, since the guy had to know we have a hard time moving around unless we take off within 30 minutes of getting deiced. You know, they give those guys guidelines to follow, though sometimes you wonder how often they're faced with situations when they really need to know the

books. It seems as if it's always a combination of things that cause a disaster, not just one thing. If that valve hadn't stuck, the icing been so bad, or the pilot in such a hurry to get airborne . . . . You remove any one of those things and you don't have an accident and you don't have an empty spot in *The Yard*.

"Well, I know another one of us that won't get here," said someone from a back corner. It was an A-model, just arrived the previous week from Wright Patterson and eager to tell his story. "I was only eight at the time, but I remember it as if it happened yesterday," 40692 said. "The plane was on takeoff roll at one of those classified fields, somewhere way south of here, when a flock of large birds crossed the runway about halfway down. The pilot was already committed to the takeoff and eased back on the controls trying to steer clear, but the last bird got sucked right into Number 4 which immediately seized. That's when things started happening fast," '692 related. "The crew was able to raise the gear, but another bird had damaged the right flap, so when they tried to raise the boards an asymmetry almost rolled her on her back. Still, the pilot kept the plane aloft and got both flaps to a neutral setting. The next problem was obstacle clearance. Although the jet was climbing even higher at best angle with three engines thrusting above 103 percent, the mountains ahead appeared too high. The pilot immediately called for fuel jettison. The plane slowly climbed, but there wasn't a clear path. He had that yoke in his lap with the shaker vibrating and everything to the wall. When '691 hit, her pedal doors were just being opened by the loadmaster in a last ditch effort to jettison cargo, but it was too late," '692 said quietly. "I haven't seen her since she rolled off the line ahead of me back in '64."

"Over here," gasped a small voice three spots down. There, amidst a pile of sand and tumbleweeds, was the remains of a broken Starlifter. It had been used for spare parts after the accident and then banished to the desert, but it still looked very much like a flying machine. The two planes kept on talking between themselves—about how hard the pilot had tried to save the ship and that sometimes even the best trained crewmembers can't save a bad situation. In this case, it was improper load planning and false weights that didn't allow '691 to climb over the hill.

The stories went on through the night. There was a reunited bunch from Charleston giving accounts of heroism during the campaign in Panama back in 1989; the bird from McChord that knew it would never see land when fuel began leaking overboard halfway across the Pacific, only to be saved by the ingenuity of a deadheading reserve flight engineer; and the tales of Sigonella and Hurlburt Field. In over 35 years of flying, far less than 20 Starlifters had been lost, and those stories were all circulated by night's end.

To no one's surprise, most stories didn't concern disaster at all, except in the sense that it was averted. These were stories told in debriefs, in Commander's Calls, and in bars after a long mission. They were stories that earned Well Done awards and accolades from higher ups and pictures in *The MAC Flyer*. Most importantly, they were stories that earned the crews another chance at practicing their profession. *A good accident is not one that you walk away from, but one that never happens.*

The airplanes that gathered that night in the boneyard (with average flight time of over 40,000 hours) were, in a way, trophies for the thousands of crewmembers that had safely operated them all the way to their final assignment.

There wasn't any message intended by the congregation's talk, but shortly before sunrise, the old DC-3 was telling its own tale of two pilots that barely saved their own lives and that of the veteran Douglas transport.

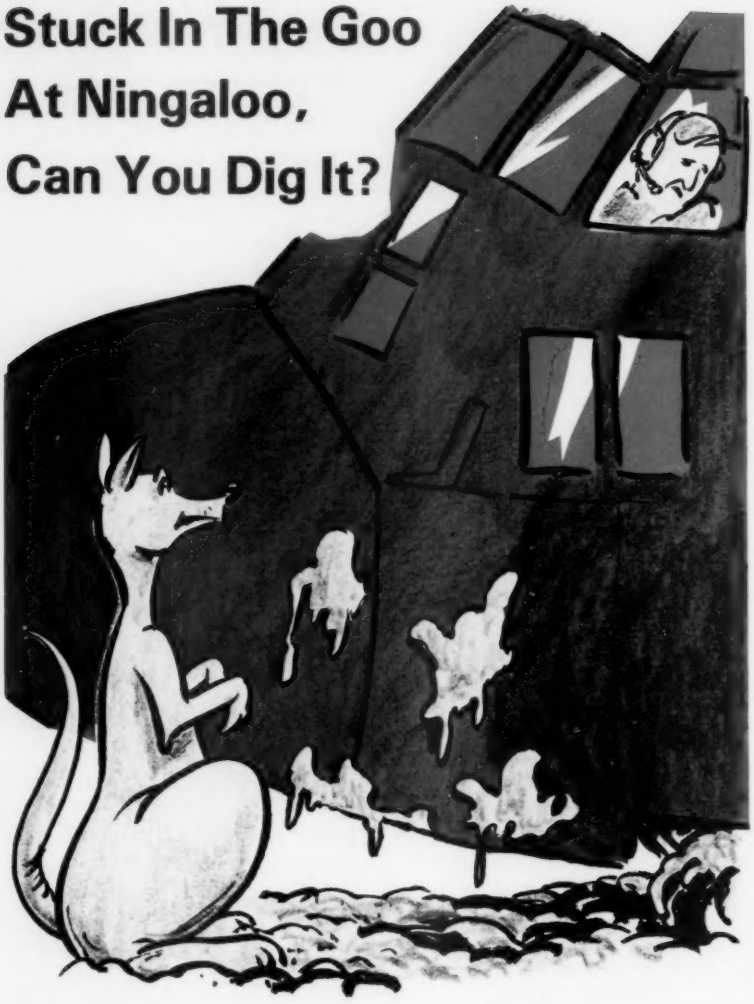
Sergeant Blackney had finally awakened and made it back to *The Yard*, still in shock and babbling to several people he had brought with him. They weren't quite close enough to hear the taildragger's final remarks. "Those pilots are always saying flying is just hours of boredom interrupted by a few brief moments of sheer terror," the DC-3 reflected. "For all of us who have made it this far, and the thousands that have hitched a ride through the years, we should feel safe knowing that during those moments, everyone knew just what to do."

When Blackney threw open the gates and rushed down to 60138, everyone else just stood there listening to the quiet desert and then looked back at the madman.

After all, airplanes can't really talk. ✈

Capt. Robert T. McSpadden, another regular participant in the writing contest, is a 1984 OTS graduate. Formerly a C-21 pilot, Captain McSpadden is currently a C-141 Aircraft Commander at Norton AFB, Calif.

Stuck In The Goo At Ningaloo, Can You Dig It?



Adventure in the land Down Under.

By Maj. David L. Payne
HQ MAC/IG, Scott AFB, Ill.

The squadron was excited about going to Australia to participate in Exercise Kangaroo/ Westwind '83. Although flying in the Philippines and Korea gave us opportunities to fly missions we liked, we were excited about the Australian trip. Only a couple of guys in the squadron had been there before. The month-long special operations exercise was split into two-week halves, and the squadron planned to swap airplanes and crews halfway through the exercise. This would allow almost everyone to fly in this new environment. Some of us were anxious to finally find out if Coriolis in the southern hemisphere really did make water in the toilet bowl swirl in the opposite direction.

The planning went on. Crews flying in the first half of the exercise spent every spare minute working on proposed routes, drop zones, landing zones, and the like. The navs checked which Omega stations they expected to use during the overwater portions of the mission and also reviewed those small subtle things that can nail an experienced northern hemisphere flyer in the southern hemisphere. We checked the exchange rates and hoped like crazy we wouldn't stay in a "tent city" during the exercise.

Airplanes and crews scheduled for the first half deployed. We had comm in the squadron so were able to receive daily updates from "down under." The exercise progressed nicely and everyone seemed to be getting a lot of good flying as well as enjoying themselves. The two weeks passed quickly as my crew finalized plans for the second half of the exercise.

We had beautiful weather the day we deployed south. In a mere eight hours, we made it to Darwin, our port of entry and refueling stop. When we arrived, one of the returning MC-130s was sitting on the ramp with an engine problem. Its crew had intel on some of the local activities and didn't seem to mind waiting. Agriculture and customs cleared, a quick refueling, and we were back in the air bound for Port Hedland, six hours to the west. At this point, I began to realize just how big Australia is.

Near the end of our physical endurance, we landed at Port Hedland; at last! We quickly gathered our bags and put them in the "lorry," anxious to see where we were staying. The sun had long since set, so the beauty of our surroundings wouldn't be fully appreciated until the next day. We breathed a sigh of relief as we

walked to our motel rooms across the street from the airport. We had managed to escape "tent city," all too familiar from our yearly Team Spirit experience. This was it. All the comforts of home in this beautiful, new place.

Reality set in the next morning as we made our way back across the street to breakfast, a field mess provided by our Australian hosts. The surrounding area looked like a cross between a moonscape and our own Desert Southwest. We had heard the expression, "miles and miles of nothing," but no one had actually seen such a place before. Putting an airport here must have been by mistake since there were only miles and miles of dirt with an occasional scrub bush. Every car bore a formidable looking kangaroo guard. All this, however, was eclipsed by millions of blow flies we entertained in the officers' dining tent. This was a true *"officers' mess."*

The Australian cooks barraged us with questions and comments about America's Cup race. We didn't have a clue what an America's Cup race was, but of course wouldn't admit it to our new Australian friends—so we offered generic replies. We didn't realize it at the time, but we were in for the education of our lives, not only about America's Cup, but about this part of Australia in general.

After a hearty breakfast which included an introduction to mueslix and Vegemite, we were given a quick tour of the exercise Combined Air Force Special Operations Base (CAFSOB) facilities, including the mission planning tents. The motel rooms were hardly conducive to mission planning, but a clean, air conditioned anything was preferable to the grit-covered, makeshift tables in the mission planning tents. In addition to dirt and heat, cousins of the breakfast blow flies made tents the last resort for mission planning (a sad commentary on the modern Air Force warrior).

The day before our mission was spent meticulously planning our route over the unfamiliar expanses. Charts of an unfamiliar type and scale slowed the planning process considerably. Unlike the Philippines or Korea, the terrain here was more rolling, with fewer distinguishing landmarks. There were no running rivers, bridges, towns, or other significant identifiable points. There was as much as a mile-and-a-half discrepancy between coordinates extracted from two different charts. Consequently, flying low level would be more of a challenge than ever. Our mission consisted of a blacked-out landing using night vision goggles. We would land on a private dirt strip at Ningaloo on the northwest coast and infiltrate a special forces team and their two vehicles. Now, lest there be any mistake, Ningaloo was not a town or anything akin to it. It was apparently a name given to the runway on this expansive desert spread. On the way home, we were to drop a high-speed resupply bundle of fresh fruit and water to another team already in the field. We planned an en route altitude that would allow us to avoid the exercise ground threats and still be as comfortable as possible. The planned mission time was about six hours, start to finish—and that's the way it was briefed. Little did we know that the information gaps on our first objective area would soon be filled. In fact, the additional information we were about to receive would be permanently etched in our minds.

"This was a true officers' mess."

Everything went well during preflight. The equipment looked great. The airplane was a mess due to blowing dust in the parking area but that only enhanced the camouflage. We were shortly introduced to Australian lunch boxes—a cardboard box the size of an apple crate, filled with a stack of sandwiches, and a bunch of loose fruit; our first communal flight lunch. At the crew brief, we reviewed one last time the route, runway survey, and load information. Because the landing strip was just a graded strip of desert without nearby buildings or other potential cultural radar targets, we planned to fly over the runway to update the inertial and get a peek at it through the goggles, then teardrop back around to land. It certainly seemed straightforward even though the teardrop was not a tactic we normally used. We finished the crew briefing, took our places, and cranked engines.

Everything went as planned. We got our checklists done and went low level within minutes after takeoff. By now it was pitch black—lights in this part of the country were extremely few. We settled into our accustomed terrain-following routine. We noted minor discrepancies when updating our inertial and attributed it to the slight variance in the coordinates as we transitioned from one chart to the next. Time progressed and soon we neared Ningaloo. The warnings were called and the guys in back sprang to life after a couple of hours of "shut-eye." The blackout curtains came down, isolating the navs from the pilots and engineer up front. Right on schedule we crossed over Ningaloo. The pilots commented that the contrast of

the runway against the surroundings was pretty good. We made our inertial update and altitude calibration and began the teardrop, out over the ocean, for landing. The pilot visually acquired the runway again and landed. The copilot called airspeeds until the navs took over at 50 knots. From 50 knots, we slowed to a stop with a suddenness that left us hanging in our shoulder harnesses.

Our first indication of a possible problem came when the pilot said, "What was that?" The rest of us were also a bit curious about the sudden stop. The loadmasters were cleared to open the ramp and cargo door to offload. The next indication of a problem came when the loadmaster said he couldn't get the ramp all the way down. The pilot asked if it was open far enough for the offload. The loads called back that the vehicles were clear. We breathed a sigh of relief only to be brought sharply back to reality when the load came back up on intercom and exclaimed, "You're not going to believe this, but we're sunk up to the gear doors." All attempts to taxi were futile. We were stuck—a fact confirmed by a check of the right paratroop door. A quick assessment showed us to be sitting on the belly of the airplane with the main gear trucks buried in whatever this runway was made of. We called the CAFSOB to inform them we might not be home for dinner.

We knew we had to dig ourselves out, but had nothing to dig with. One of the crewmembers remembered seeing shovels on the land rovers, so he grabbed his survival vest, took out the gyro-jet packet, and began firing gyro-jets in an effort to get the special forces team and land rovers to come back. It worked. They returned, gave us the shovels, and took off again toward their objective. The next couple of hours were spent digging to remove a moist, fine, sandy soil from around the landing gear trucks. We dug gradually sloping ramps back up to the surface in front of each tire (a difference of about 15 inches). With that completed, we reboarded the airplane and ran engines to burn off fuel until about 0600.

At daylight, we briefly reassessed the situation. The airplane was now as lightweight as we could make it. We only had enough gas to get back to Port Hedland. We got back on the radio to the CAFSOB for an update. An Australian Nomad and pilot were bringing someone to deliver supplies and to assess the situation. Shortly after the Nomad landed, we offloaded shovels, a couple of planks, and some Australian field rations. A minimum crew attempted to taxi the Herc free. The right gear tires followed the ramps back to near the surface while the left side continued to plow along leaving the '130 in about a 15-degree left bank.

With our new tools, we dug the left side out again to attempt another taxi. The Nomad took some of the extra crewmembers and continued on to Learmonth Naval Base to see about a winch to pull us out. We put one of our loading ramps in front of the left tires hoping it would provide more solid footing. The crew tried again, unsuccessfully, to taxi the airplane out. This time, the left wing tip stopped about two feet from the ground. The Number 1 propeller was feathered within three inches of the ground, leaving the right wing tip some 12-15 feet in the air. The loading ramp was driven into the ground under the wheels causing the other end to raise up and poke a hole in the airplane near the GTC exhaust port. We began to wonder if we would ever get the airplane out.

The CAFSOB told us there would be a winch coming from Learmonth the next day to pull us out. We did our best to entertain ourselves. We chased kangaroos, followed some emus, and did a little saltwater bathing. Did I mention the flies? The gentleman who owned the airstrip also paid us a visit. He laughed and said, "I tried to tell the lads (CCT) you couldn't land a Hercules here." I guess we learned firsthand that the old heel kick test may not always suffice to determine weight-bearing capacity. Apparently, since the runway is near sea level, the water level in the soil rises and the soil gets a bit mushy when the tide is in. We survived the cool night by cutting down blackout curtains to use as blankets and by burning old tires, chocks, and some JP-4 seeping from the left wing dump mast.

Midmorning the next day, the winch arrived. We set up, attached 25,000-pound chains to the main trucks and began the slow, easy pull that finally got the plane back on top. Needless to say, we had plenty of time to check out the runway and find the best place to do our takeoff. As I recall, we all held our breath during the entire takeoff run. We bogged down a little two or three times but finally broke ground, bade our wilderness home goodbye, and let out a giant sigh of relief as we winged our way back to Port Hedland.

We may have flown other missions during Westwind '83, but frankly, I don't remember. But I do remember a new DO swearing he'd never take anyone's word on the suitability of another landing zone. I remember how glad I was to have a high-speed bundle with lots of water and fresh fruit. I also remember how good it felt to take a shower after being *stuck in the goo at Ningaloo.*

Flying-Hour Milestones

15,000

165 TAG
CMSgt. Robert Hutcherson
MSgt. William D. Gill

10,000

118 TAW
Maj. Gen. Don E. Follis
Col. Theodore F. Mallory, III.
CMSgt. Edward B. Fowler, Jr.

165 TAG
SMSgt. Thomas G. May

7,500

HQ MAC/DO
Col. Orrel T. Hansen

9 MAS
Maj. David M. Anderson

22 AF
CMSgt. Charles R. Anderson

55 WRS
Lt. Col. John D. Ellinger
Maj. Harold M. Ryan
CMSgt. Roger A. Hagen

86 MAS
MSgt. Raymond K. Sugai

118 TAW
Col. Ben J. Welch, Jr.
Lt. Col. James C. Perkinson
Lt. Col. Raymond E. Woodson

123 TAW
CMSgt. Russell D. Leadbetter

130 TAS
Lt. Col. Stephen J. Kish, Jr.

165 TAG
Lt. Col. William D. Greene
Lt. Col. Carl C. Powell
MSgt. Gene R. Trimmer

337 MAS
SMSgt. William E. Mahoney

5,000

9 MAS
Lt. Col. James F. Reichensperger
Lt. Col. Michael G. Luckenbach
MSgt. Robert S. Dodd

11 AAS
Lt. Col. Robert M. McCarthy

16 TATS
MSgt. William D. Roberts
TSgt. Perry J. Clemons
TSgt. McAndrew Manhart, Jr.
MSgt. William D. Roberts
TSgt. Perry J. Clemons
TSgt. McAndrew Manhart, Jr.

21 TAS
MSgt. Richard G. Brooks

55 WRS
Lt. Col. David A. Bechtol
Lt. Col. William M. Felt, Jr.
Lt. Col. William H. Richard
Lt. Col. Randall D. Touslee
Maj. Raymond R. Hammer
SMSgt. Garry L. Overby

57 AES
SSgt. Roland Thompson

61 TAS
Maj. Jimmie L. Lincoln
MSgt. Allen D. Gardner
TSgt. Archie B. Kirchner

62 MAW
Lt. Col. Ronald L. Mowbray
Maj. Tony P. Exner
Maj. David C. Hunn
MSgt. Ted R. Horton
MSgt. Larry D. McKimm
MSgt. Stephen R. Spotts
TSgt. Ricky L. Beavers
TSgt. Richard L. Callaham
SSgt. Jason P. Collins
SSgt. Scott R. Little
SSgt. Terry L. Thomas

86 MAS
TSgt. Jeffrey H. Hard

118 TAW
Maj. Gen. Fred D. Womack
MSgt. Philip E. Chapman

123 TAW
Brig. Gen. Donald J. Ryan
Brig. Gen. John L. Smith
Col. Joseph L. Kottak
Lt. Col. James R. Frazier
SMSgt. Daniel A. Spradling

130 TAS
Maj. Walter H. Hardin, II.
MSgt. Donald E. Green

165 TAG
Lt. Col. Richard S. Jones
Lt. Col. Stephen C. Lamar
Lt. Col. Johnny R. Vinson
Maj. Jefferson M. Bailey
Maj. Brian K. Harris
Maj. Salvatore J. Serio
Maj. Richard L. Simpson
TSgt. Richard A. Bell

185 TAS
Maj. James A. Craig
TSgt. Johnny W. Waller

337 MAS
MSgt. Gary R. Miller
MSgt. Henry M. Olsarcek
TSgt. Daniel Giddings

436 MAW/CC
Col. William J. Begert

1375 FTS
Lt. Col. James W. Gress
Lt. Col. George T. Jenkins
Capt. Hal B. Yarbrough

1401 MAS
Maj. Dennis M. Shea

2,500

6 MAS
Capt. Joanne C. Gurstaky

11 AAS
Lt. Col. Norvin L. Davis
Maj. Roderick Mirtle
Capt. Mark F. Ebinger
Capt. Gregory L. Looker
Capt. Royce R. Schultz
Capt. James R. Vasatka
Capt. Glenn K. Collins
Capt. Jeffrey Krausert

22 AF
Capt. John J. Watson

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35 AEF
SMSgt. James E. Carden, Jr.
MSgt. Willie C. Coleman
MSgt. Claude Smith
SSgt. Ronald A. Marshall

40 TAS
Lt. Col. Howard C. Abner
Lt. Col. Mervin A. DeCastro, Jr.
Lt. Col. Randy E. Honnet
Lt. Col. Victor C. Powers
Lt. Col. Gary L. Roper
Maj. Ronald E. Button
Maj. Kenneth R. Hathaway
Maj. Christopher C. Pali
Maj. Robert A. Warren
Capt. Lawrence R. Bird
Capt. Salvatore Catanzaro
Capt. Jeffrey A. Hoffer
Capt. Donald T. Magners
Capt. Todd R. McClimans
Capt. John B. Norton, Jr.
Capt. Gerald E. Szpila
SMSgt. Rudolph M. Blazek
SMSgt. Bobby E. Murray
MSgt. Charles W. Beaver
MSgt. William R. Burnette
MSgt. Anthony Kres
MSgt. Steven R. Lusk
MSgt. Norman C. Slade
MSgt. Wayne L. Zimmerman
TSgt. Davy L. Crews
TSgt. Keith H. Liles
TSgt. Carloe L. Sagraves
TSgt. William R. Schaefer
SSgt. James F. Acquaviva
SSgt. Luther V. Hatmaker, Jr.
SSgt. Robert G. Hill
SSgt. McKeether Williams
Sgt. John C. Groth

55 WRS
Maj. Arthur J. Barker
Maj. William G. Goss
Maj. Bennett W. Jones
Maj. Hugh G. Macgregor
Maj. Stanley J. Sowa
Capt. Christian K. Ebert
Capt. Christopher J. Lucey
MSgt. William J. Fessler
TSgt. Jeffrey H. Burgess

56 MAS
MSgt. Paul M. Peterson

57 AES
Lt. Col. Linda E. McFarland
TSgt. Steven M. Owens
SSgt. Robert Belen
SSgt. Kenneth S. Dysinger
SSgt. Dwight T. Hagenbart
SSgt. Carl A. Vetter

57 MAS
Capt. Carlee A. Bishop
Capt. John S. Crow
Capt. Todd F. Eberts
Capt. Keith R. Turner
Capt. James R. Pavlisin
Capt. David E. Vincent
TSgt. John D. Williams

62 MAW
Maj. General F. Crumley, II.
Maj. Alan C. Ekrem
Maj. James E. Kirby, Jr.
Capt. Bradley S. Chesson
Capt. William F. Conroy
Capt. Millison D. Fambles
Capt. Larry D. Keene
Capt. Eric H. Lund
Capt. Jeffrey L. Pendleton
Capt. James M. Schneider
Capt. Paul D. Stokes
Capt. Douglas E. Wick
Capt. John D. Zazworsky, Jr.
MSgt. Thomas L. Shuck
TSgt. Mark A. Childers
TSgt. Paul D. Troillet
SSgt. Brian D. Carter
Sgt. Cynthia M. Fiebig
Sgt. Joseph Noll
Sgt. Byron E. Pitcher

118 TAW
Maj. Robert E. Beaty
Maj. Alan P. Biddle
Maj. Kevin D. Heusinkveld
Maj. Robbie W. Perry
Maj. Johnny B. Sanders
Capt. Wallace R. Cornett, Jr.
Capt. Douglas D. Deloxier
Capt. Donald L. Hollis
Capt. James H. Keaton, II.
Capt. Kenneth E. Wyatt
MSgt. Jordan V. Beasley, III.
MSgt. Tony L. Peek
TSgt. James D. Baggett
TSgt. James W. Lackey
TSgt. Freddie J. Qualls
TSgt. Gary S. Walker

123 TAW
Col. John V. Greene
Col. Austin P. Snyder
Lt. Col. Gary M. Burge
Lt. Col. Donald E. Goley
Lt. Col. Lee W. Kirkwood
Lt. Col. Clifton W. Leslie
Lt. Col. David O. Lynch
Lt. Col. Samuel J. McDowell
Lt. Col. Michael E. Sams
Lt. Col. Gary W. Taylor
Maj. John W. Amshoff
Maj. Richard F. Barr
Maj. Alan S. Bistry
Maj. Raymond D. Heck
Maj. David B. Moreman
Maj. Paul J. Rhodes
Capt. Richard M. Finan
Capt. Robert A. McGugan
MSgt. Harry T. Clark
SSgt. Dwayne K. Adkins

130 TAS
Capt. Robert A. Crawford
Capt. Michael C. Granger
Capt. Keith M. Jones
SSgt. Mark W. Campbell

165 TAS
Lt. Col. John S. Chanda
Lt. Col. Michael L. Harden
Maj. Robert E. Baskett
Maj. Robert L. Burden
Maj. Steven R. Guptill
Maj. Ronald L. Mercer
Maj. Larry A. Ortkiese
Maj. George E. Pence
Maj. Jerry L. Taylor
Maj. John W. Wheeler
Capt. Edward D. Bird
Capt. Jerome R. Timmerman
MSgt. James Everett

165 TAG
Maj. Dennis C. Arford
Maj. Roderick A. Beard
Maj. Donald I. Cohen
Maj. Dewey L. Morgan, Jr.
Capt. Theodore H. Palmer
Capt. Ronald C. Tidwell
MSgt. Michael J. Jiran
TSgt. Henry A. Carter
TSgt. George E. Lovich

337 MAS
Maj. Aaron Olmsted
Capt. Matthew A. Gailing
MSgt. Garth O. Parker
TSgt. James E. Mason

375 CAMS
SSgt. Michael R. Milligan
SSgt. Salvador Munoz
SSgt. Charles S. Smith
SSgt. Edward S. Tauscher

433 ALD
Capt. Andres B. Childers
Capt. Carl E. McDaniel
SSgt. Randy A. Hedspeth
SSgt. Jody R. Woitas

435 TAW
Maj. Kurt F. Bock
Maj. Stephen Blackburn
Maj. John Sheehan
Capt. Keith L. Dulaney
Capt. Dake S. Vahovic
SSgt. George C. Fairclough
SSgt. Randy A. Hedspeth

608 MAG
SSgt. AbdelHamid Faqir

910 TAG
Maj. Richard L. Galante
Maj. Michael Mihalek
MSgt. Henry A. Gibson, Jr.

911 TAG
Lt. Col. Ruth Redenbaugh
Lt. Col. Sondrajil Coffman

932 AAG
SSgt Kevin L. LaCostello

1375 FTS
Maj. Jay W. Bagley
Capt. Gary D. Grayson
Capt. William L. Sanders, III.

Det 4, 1401 MAS
Lt. Col. Stephen J. Hritz
Lt. Col. Glenn R. Leimbach
Maj. John D. Barrowclough

1402 MAS
Capt. John P. Sittler

Det 1, 1402 MAS
Capt. David A. Fillipini

Det 2, 1402 MAS
Capt. Scott R. Schlapkohl

1,000

Det 9, 37 ARS
Capt. Timothy C. Bischoff

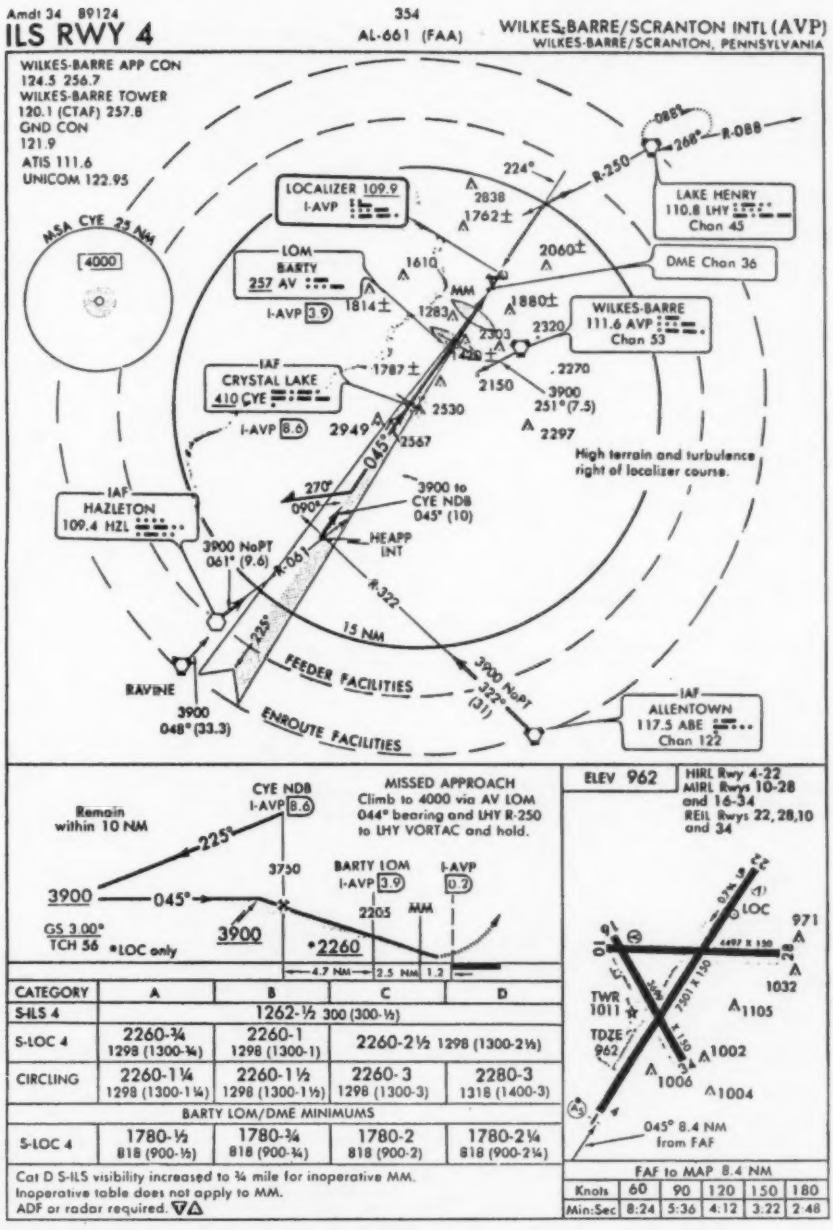
Det 10, 37 ARS
Capt. Steven H. Smith
1st. Lt. Charles P. Nussman
1st. Lt. Steven G. Olive
SSgt. Steven M. Bowman

608 MAG
Maj. John P. Grimes
Capt. Kelly E. Anderson
Capt. Steven J. Walker
SSgt. Robert M. Anderson
SSgt. Michael P. Pare
SSgt. Gregory B. West
Sgt. Stephen L. Herman

Ranks and units are those at time of award.

TMF INSTRUMENT QUIZ

An ILS with an *"angle."*



CATEGORY	A	B	C	D
S-ILS 4	1262-½ 300 (300-½)			
S-LOC 4	2260-¾ 1298 (1300-¾)	2260-1 1298 (1300-1)	2260-2½ 1298 (1300-2½)	
CIRCLING	2260-1¼ 1298 (1300-1¼)	2260-1½ 1298 (1300-1½)	2260-3 1298 (1300-3)	2280-3 1318 (1400-3)
BARTY LOM/DME MINIMUMS				
S-LOC 4	1780-½ 818 (900-½)	1780-¾ 818 (900-¾)	1780-2 818 (900-2)	1780-2¼ 818 (900-2¼)

Cat D S-ILS visibility increased to ¾ mile for inoperative MM.
Inoperative table does not apply to MM.
ADF or radar required. ▽△

FAF to MAP 8.4 NM					
Knots	60	90	120	150	180
Min:Sec	8:24	5:36	4:12	3:22	2:48

TMF Instrument Quiz

1. Your aircraft is level at 6,000 feet inbound to Wilkes-Barre (AVP). Approach control clears you direct to Crystal Lake (CYE) for the procedure turn. Your heading is 251 degrees as you cross CYE. In which direction should you turn?
   a. Turn left to 225 degrees to parallel the procedure turn course outbound.
   b. Turn right and intercept the 255-degree radial to fly the teardrop course outbound.
   c. Intercept the 251-degree radial for your teardrop course outbound.
   d. Turn left and intercept the procedure turn course outbound.
   e. Any of the above.

2. While proceeding outbound, you intercept the procedure turn course. You should:
   a. Correct away from the procedure course with a 20-degree heading change if flying in excess of 180 KTAS.
   b. Maintain the procedure turn course for the remainder of the outbound leg, then turn toward the maneuvering side to reverse course.
   c. Maintain course for the remainder of the outbound leg, then turn toward the nondepicted side to reverse course.
   d. None of the above.

3. In a category C aircraft flying the 45/180-degree course reversal maneuver, to execute the maneuver properly, both outbound track and inbound course should be intercepted as soon as possible.
   a. True.
   b. False.

4. You are approaching Allentown (ABE), level at 6,000 feet. When cleared for the approach via the "NoPT" route, you should:
   a. After over-flying ABE, descend to 3,900 feet and proceed to CYE for the procedure turn.
   b. After over-flying ABE, descend to 3,900 feet, proceed to HEAPP intersection, then to CYE for the procedure turn.
   c. After over-flying ABE, descend to 3,900 feet, proceed to HEAPP intersection, then proceed over the FAF at the published altitude and continue inbound on the final approach course without making a procedure turn before the FAF.
   d. After over-flying ABE, descend to 3,900 feet, proceed to BARTY for the procedure turn.

5. Approach control is providing radar vectors to CYE for the ILS. The ceiling is reported to be below minimum vectoring altitude (for this quiz 3,900 feet), and visibility is less than three miles. You can expect your aircraft will be vectored to intercept the final approach course at least _____ mile(s) from the FAF at a maximum intercept angle of _____ degrees.
   a. One mile and 20-degrees.
   b. One mile and 30-degrees.
   c. Three miles and 20-degrees.
   d. Three miles and 30-degrees.

6. What is the rate of descent for an aircraft established on the glide slope with a ground speed of 120 knots?
   a. 500 feet per minute (fpm).
   b. 600 fpm.
   c. 700 fpm.
   d. 625 fpm.

7. Reported weather is 900 feet, visibility two miles. All ground navigation aids are working, as are aircraft systems. What minimum descent altitude would you brief if using the localizer for a backup approach in your category C aircraft?
   a. 1,262 feet.
   b. 2,260 feet.
   c. 1,780 feet.
   d. 2,280 feet.

8. Both the plan view and profile view of this approach have the symbol I-AVP (8.6). This means:
   a. Mileage from touchdown.
   b. DME mileage.
   c. Mileage from approach end of runway.
   d. Mileage from missed approach point.

9. What TACAN channel will receive the I-AVP DME?
   a. Channel 53Y.
   b. Channel 56X.
   c. Channel 36X.
   d. Channel 36Y.

10. The localizer antenna for this approach is:
   a. 1,000 feet beyond the end of Runway 4 on centerline.
   b. Adjacent to the runway, about 1,000 feet before the end.
   c. Adjacent to the departure end of Runway 4.

11. The highest obstacle shown is:
    a. 2,838 feet.
    b. 3,750 feet.
    c. 2,567 feet.
    d. 2,949 feet.

12. The approach lights for Runway 4 do not include sequenced flashers.
    a. True.
    b. False.

13. On the plan view, the inner ring gives a scale presentation of the approach within a _____ radius.
    a. 10-statute-mile.
    b. 10-nautical-mile.
    c. 15-nautical-mile.
    d. 15-statute-mile.

ANSWERS

1. e. Any of the above. A turn outbound in the shorter direction to parallel the holding course would be to 225 degrees. Intercepting the 255-degree radial to fly the teardrop course at maximum displacement from the PT course is also acceptable. Intercepting the 251-degree radial outbound allows for the teardrop at less than maximum displacement from the PT course. Intercepting the procedure turn course outbound is also an option. (AFM 51-37, para. 12-2b and 9-5a.)
2. b. If the procedure turn course is intercepted outbound, maintain course for the remainder of the outbound leg, then turn toward the maneuvering side to reverse course. (AFM 51-37, para. 12-2b.)
3. a. True. To properly execute the 45/180 maneuver, both outbound track and inbound course should be intercepted as soon as possible. (AFM 51-37, para. 12-2f.)
4. c. The initial approach is via a "NoPT." Proceed over the FAF at the published altitude (3,900 feet) and continue inbound on the final approach course without making a procedure turn, holding pattern, or any other aligning maneuver before the FAF unless otherwise cleared by ATC. If the pilot desires to fly the procedure turn or to become better established on course before departing the FAF, it's the pilot's responsibility to request such maneuvering from ATC. (AFM 51-37, para. 12-2g.)
5. d. Three miles and 30-degrees. Unless specifically requested by the pilot, aircraft will be vectored to intercept the final approach course at least three miles from the FAF at a maximum intercept angle of 30 degrees. When reported ceiling is at least 500 feet above the minimum vectoring altitude and visibility is at least three miles, aircraft will be vectored to intercept the final approach course at least one mile from the FAF at a maximum intercept angle of 20 degrees or three miles from the FAF at a maximum intercept angle of 30 degrees. (AFM 51-37, para. 10-7b.)
6. b. 600 feet per minute. (FLIP Instrument Approach Procedures (IAP), Climb/Descent Table.)
7. c. 1,780 feet.
8. b. DME mileage. (FLIP IAP, Legends.)
9. c. Channel 36X. Frequency box under the Lake Henry VORTAC. Localizer 109.9 is paired with 36X in the Flight Information Handbook (FIH), Frequency Pairing Plan Table.
10. b. The localizer for Runway 4 is located east of the runway about 1,000 feet from the end. A localizer is shown when installation is offset from its normal position off the end of the runway. (FLIP IAP, Legend and Aerodrome Sketch.)
11. d. 2,949 feet.
12. b. False. The "dot" on the approach lighting designation indicates the sequenced flashers are included in the approach lights. (FIH, Approach Lighting Systems.)
13. c. 15 nautical miles. The inner ring gives a scale presentation of the approach which is normally within a 10 nm radius for low altitude approaches and 20 nm for high altitude approaches. However, it should be noted that the radius of the rings may differ. Some, but not necessarily all, obstacles are depicted. This inner ring is normally necessary for better portrayal of the IAP. (AFM 51-37, para. 7-6b(1)(g).)

Cowboys and Cowgirls ready to greet arriving teams.

Gen. H. T. Johnson, CINCMAC, opens Airlift Rodeo 1990.

CINCMAC and Lt. Gen. Stiner, XVIII ABN Commander, greet 445 MAW (Assoc) team Maj. Hans Mantel.

Airlift Rodeo 1990

Wing walker gives an okay to arriving Japanese team.

A1C. Laurie Weilnau posting airdrop scores.

ERO competition is always keen.

C-130 completes a CDS drop.

Story and Photos
By Maj. Stephen E. Behr
Associate Editor

With flags flying high, airlifters from around the globe assembled the first week of June at Pope AFB, N.C., for the 11th international airlift and airdrop competition—AIRLIFT RODEO '90. First to arrive, ready to defend their title, were the Australians, last year's winning team.

The ramp quickly filled with Starlifters, Hercules, and Transalls, as 46 aircrew and individual teams began a week of intense competition. Each aircraft was met on arrival by the official greeting party consisting of the Competition Commander, Brig. Gen. James L. Cole, Jr., or his vice, Brig. Gen. James E. Melvin, III, and their escorts of Cowboys and Cowgirls. As each team emerged, their distinctive AIRLIFT RODEO apparel drew rave reviews. Competition for best hat and shirt would be keen. By midafternoon the C-160s, C-130s, and C-141s were all at their designated parking spots and the greeters had worn out their boots.

I ABN Corps
team chief,

Diane K. Morales, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Logistics, listens as Brig. Gen. Cole discusses the airlift competition.

Heavy equipment drop at JIMEE DZ.

Starlifter delivering the troops.

Sunday morning dawned with stratus clouds covering most of the sky as Gen. H. T. Johnson, CINCMAC, and Lt. Gen. Carl Stiner, XVIII Airborne Corps Commander, reviewed the teams before the opening ceremony. The clouds parted as the ceremony began with 12 combat controllers jumping in with the flag of each participating country. Each flag was hailed by assembled teams. International teams competing this year included Australia, Belgium, Canada, France, Indonesia, Israel, Japan, Portugal, Thailand, the United Kingdom, and West Germany. Teams from Argentina, Peru, Spain, and the Sudan were in attendance as observers in preparation for competition in future Airlift Rodeos.

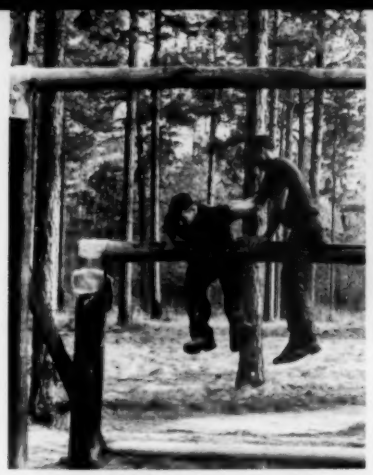
In recognition of the Airborne Corps' 50th anniversary, General Johnson presented General Stiner with a plaque commemorating joint efforts of MAC and the Airborne as "servers for the cause of freedom." An airdrop of Airborne Rangers from both a C-130 and a C-141 underscored the close cooperation of MAC and the Airborne.

General Cole ended the ceremony by announcing, "The ceremonies are over, the competition is on. We have the best right here and we're ready to find out who's the best of the best. Go for it!"

And go for it they did. Competition for best overall wing began. Maintenance crews scurried back to their aircraft parking spots to make certain their piece of ramp was spic and span—where but at Rodeo would you see a team pulling weeds from the ramp or vacuming dust from aircraft dry bay areas. The preflight competition was to be closer than any umpire could imagine. By high noon on the first day of competition, news spread throughout "Dodge City" that Australia and the United Kingdom had identical scores for C-130/C-160 preflight. They were the teams to beat according to many team members congregating and commenting around the scoreboard.

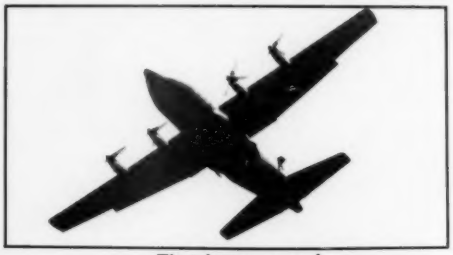
Out on the frontier, new guns were always showing up and taking over. Before Rodeo could become another "British Commonwealth Games," a new "gunslinger team" put their CDS bundle 28 feet from the point of impact (PI) at HTEEE drop zone. That gunslinger was the Israeli team from Base 27, led by Lt. Col. Shlam. Finding the PI at HTEEE drop zone was no small feat with the heavy growth of scrub oaks and small pine trees covering the area. For added realism, camouflaged batteries of Army and Marine 155mm howitzers were located along the tree line surounding the drop zone.

As the competition heated up, so did the weather. Temperatures soared into the upper 90s as the sun shone brightly on the range. Dust filled the sky at Luzon landing zone as teams made the first of three assault landings. C-130s and C-160s made two assault landings on dirt strips—this year at Luzon and Sicily—and one landing on the assault strip at Pope. For Starlifter crews,

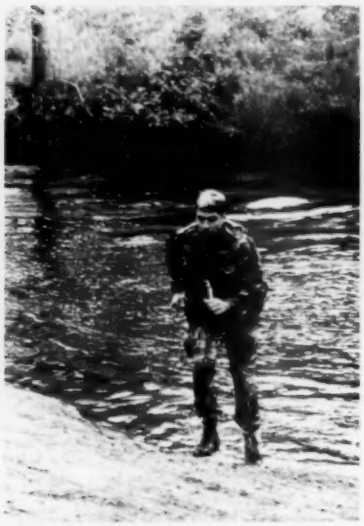


Team work beats the belly buster.

63 MAW, Norton AFB, Calif., Best Overall Wing.



First jumper away!



Competitor emerges out of the Little River.

Assault landing at Luzon LZ.

accuracy landings were all made on the main runway at Pope. The team from 443d Military Airlift Wing (MAW), Altus AFB, Okla., touched down with zero deviation during their accuracy landing on the second day of C-141 competition. According to Wing Commander Ian Robertson, Chief Umpire (and Chief of MAC Aircrew Evaluation Division), "It's not uncommon to see very close landings, only a foot or two from the mark in C-130s, but for a C-141, it's rare."

A single great landing isn't enough to win the accuracy or assault landing event; it takes consistency during all three attempts. The 928th Tactical Airlift Group (TAG) AFRES, (alias "Blues Brothers Airline"), Chicago, Ill., representing 440 TAW was consistent—they took home the trophy for best C-130/C-160 assault landings. The prize for best C-141 accuracy landings went to the 446 MAW, McChord AFB, Wash., as they demonstrated their skill in handling the Starlifter.

On Monday, 15 minutes after the final assault landing at Luzon, C-141s began to make their heavy equipment drops on JIMEE drop zone; a very hot and dusty 500-meter jaunt from the assault strip landing area. Heavy equipment pallets began arriving before Army engineers could set up a laser transit to measure for scores. Consequently, the trusty 300-foot tape was used to discern distances from the PI. Starlifter crews from the west coast seemed to like the area close to the PI, while some east coast teams helped recovery crews by putting pallets on or near the assault strip taxiway.

It's over 35 miles by road from JIMEE drop zone back to Pope, so I was glad to hitch a ride in an Army UH-1 back to base, my chance to get an "aircrew" view of drop zones and local area. It was easy to spot PIs from a helo at 70-80 knots, an advantage some teams would liked to have had. All in all, an enjoyable, though quick, trip. The rest of the week I rode a M-1009 (military version of the "Blazer") to and from the DZs.

Over at TONEE DZ, where personnel drops were taking place, umpires were getting their exercise running the tape measure out to the lead jumpers. Tricky winds combined with the barely controllable T-10 parachutes being used made putting a jumper close to the PI a real challenge. The 123 TAW, represented by 145 TAG (ANG), Charlotte, N.C., was up to the challenge—their first jumper landed 55 feet from the PI.

Back at the scoreboard, A1C Laurie Weilnau diligently posted scores. As teams completed their events for the day, they checked to see how they stood in comparison to other units. By the end of aircrew competition on Thursday, the scoreboard was filled with black numbers, though a clear leader for best wing was still hard to determine.

While most team members slept in late Friday morning, 23 aerial port teams prepared for the combat endurance course located on the banks of the Little River. Water in the river had dropped six feet from the week before when I inspected the course as part of the Rodeo Safety Staff. The slide for life, starting point for competitors, now had a "real" drop at the

release point instead of a tiny splash experienced by teams practicing the course a week before. First team on the course was from 435 TAW, Rhein-Main AB, Germany, who repeated their winning performance with a course time of 11 minutes and 59 seconds. As in the old west, new guns are coming along every day—check six, there's a team waiting to take the title away next year.

The temperature again soared on Friday as crews filled Hangar 6 for the closing ceremony. General Cole announced the winning teams as Generals Johnson and Melvin presented trophies. The close scores of this year's competition held many surprises such as ties for Best C-130/C-160 Preflight Team and Best Joint Inspection Team. No clear cut leader was evident as many teams were called forward. Israel garnered the Air Commodore David F. L. Edwards Trophy for Best Foreign Team. Next was the presentation of a new award—Best United States Team—to the 123 TAW, represented by 145 TAG, Charlotte, N.C. Retired Lt. Gen. Robert Springer, former Vice CINCMAC representing the Airlift Assocation, was called to the stage for presentation of the Gen. William G. Moore Trophy for Best Wing. The big moment finally arrived. The 63d Military Airlift Wing, Norton AFB, Calif., was announced as the "best of the best." It was only the second time that a C-141 wing had taken top honors at Airlift Rodeo. Consistent airdrop and maintenance scores were the keys to their success.

This Rodeo week will be remembered for a long time. Competition was keen and weather was great. Airlift Rodeo really does demonstrate airlift operations at their peak.

THE WINNERS

Gen. William G. Moore Trophy For Best Wing
- 63 MAW, Norton AFB, Calif.

Best C-130/C-160 Aircrew
- Israel, Base 27.

Best C-141 Aircrew
- 446 MAW (Assoc), McChord AFB, Wash.

Best United States Aircrew
- 123 TAW, represented by 145 TAG, Charlotte, N.C.

Air Commodore David F. L. Edwards Trophy For Best Foreign Aircrew
- Israel, Base 27.

Best C-130/C-160 Maintenance
- United Kingdom, RAF Lyneham.

Best C-141 Maintenance
- 62 MAW, McChord AFB, Wash.

Best C-130/C-160 ERO
- 137 TAW, represented by 130 TAG (ANG), Charleston, W. Va.

Best C-141 ERO
- 514 MAW (Assoc), McGuire AFB, N. J.

Best C-130/C-160 Assault Landings
- 440 TAW, represented by 928 TAG (AFRES), O'Hare Airfield, Chicago, Ill.

Best C-141 Accuracy Landings
- 446 MAW (Assoc), McChord AFB, Wash.

Best Combat Control Team
- 1723 CCS (Red Team), Hurlburt Fld., Fla.

Best Joint Airborne Inspection Team (tie)
- 317 TAW, Pope AFB, N.C.
- 133 TAW, represented by 167 TAG (ANG), Martinsburg, W. Va.

Best Aerial Port Combat Endurance Course
- 435 TAW, Rhein-Main AB, Germany

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Three cases of human error.

Human error is an unpredictable factor. Sometimes it's the result of overconfidence; sometimes it's the result of a lack of confidence. At other times, it's not a reflection of ego, it's just a mistake, but a mistake with possibly deadly consequences. The following mishaps were all caused by human error and, in two of three, people died.

CASE ONE

The airplane, a Gulfstream G-159, departed Knoxville, Tenn., eight minutes before official sunset. The two pilots were fully aware their cargo included three containers of radioactive material. This material, along with other cargo and 6,000 pounds of fuel, added up to a takeoff gross weight of 32,411 pounds. Estimated landing weight was 31,511 pounds.

The flight, conducted under instrument flight rules, was uneventful until the airplane arrived in the terminal area and was cleared for a visual approach to Runway 4. The weather was VFR. At 2104 hours, and at 5,200 feet (airport elevation 1,500 feet), the crew reported an indicated airspeed of 250 knots. At 2106, the arrival controller told the flight to switch to Tower and asked if they "will be able to get down for Runway 4." The pilot responded, "No problem." At 2107, the tower controller cleared the flight to land and, at 2108, one of the pilots made a series of comments on open microphone about "getting on the brakes" and then an emergency locater transmitter signal was heard.

The crew described the flight as routine until the airplane was within three miles of the airport; the First Officer was flying. The Captain said he knew they were high. "He (the First Officer) misjudged coming into the airport. I let him sit there long enough so that he could see what was happening, and then I said 'I will take the aircraft, it's my judgment and I would rather continue this approach and I'll explain to you on the ground why.' "

The First Officer said visibility was reduced by haze and he did not descend until he saw the airport. When he did see it ". . . . I got jammed in a little bit tight. . . . By the time I saw the runway, I was, in my opinion, too close for me, with 60 hours in the aircraft, to try and make an approach. I said to the Captain, 'I'd like to make a 360 to the right' and he said, 'I have the aircraft.' "

The plane touched down about 3,500 feet beyond the threshold of the 6,099-foot runway. The required

landing distance was calculated to have been 2,600 feet.

The airplane ran off the end of the runway, over an embankment, and collided with a chain link fence. It exploded and burned, but the crew was able to escape without injury.

The containers of radioactive material were in a fuel fire for about 45 minutes after the mishap. They were not damaged and no radioactive material was released.

It isn't always a case of overconfidence that leads to trouble. Sometimes a pilot realizes his limitations but goes ahead anyway.

CASE TWO

The aircraft, a Piper Aerostar, had just been upgraded with a Superstar Conversion which included the installation of two turbocharger-equipped engines, with full feathering propellers.

On the morning of the mishap, the pilot traveled to the maintenance facility to pick up the converted aircraft. At that time, he received a 30-minute dual familiarization flight and a short review of the performance charts and flight manual supplement associated with the conversion.

A witness described the pilot as nervous and said his "hands were shaking." In addition, the instructor, who had given him the familiarization ride, testified the pilot said he felt uncomfortable.

The pilot held multiengine and instrument ratings, both of which were issued after initial disapproval and retesting. At the time of the conversion, the aircraft had accumulated 105 hours of flight time. The pilot had received 60.5 hours of dual instruction by the sellers since purchase of the Aerostar. In addition, after attending two days of ground transition school, he had received two hours of flight transition instruction at the Piper Training Center.

The Piper flight instructor did not issue a transition certificate, but recommended further multiengine practice. In a written report on the pilot's performance, he listed the following deficiencies: a lack of ability to remember procedures, a lack of understanding of procedures, poor performance of flight maneuvers, and slow reaction time. The FAA had no recorded violations against the pilot, but he had been involved in a ground loop accident and, in a separate incident, had suffered injuries while receiving dual instruction in a helicopter.

The takeoff and initial climb out were uneventful. Ten minutes after takeoff, the flight was cleared to FL 180 and, shortly afterward, the pilot responded with "leaving seventeen to eighteen." The next transmission was a Mayday call three minutes later. The call was acknowledged by Center, and the pilot responded, "Okay, Mayday, lost engines, lost engines, dropping fast." This was his last transmission. The aircraft crashed shortly thereafter, demolishing the plane and killing the two occupants.

A readout of radar data showed the flight descended from 16,900 feet to 2,300 feet in about 90 seconds, with an average descent rate of more than 9,700 feet per minute.

"Okay, Mayday, lost engines, lost engines, dropping fast."

Neither engine was developing power at impact. The electric fuel boost pump switches were found in the off position and the fuel mixtures on rich. With the boost pumps off during climb above 10,000 feet, insufficient positive fuel head pressure to the engine driven high pressure fuel pumps can result in pump cavitation and fuel starvation. The Flight Manual requires the electric fuel boost pumps to be on during climb above 10,000 feet; the takeoff checklist on the left sun visor of the airplane also included this requirement. The engines cannot be restarted if the fuel mixture is set on rich.

Investigation confirmed that the loss of both engines resulted from fuel starvation, because the electric fuel boost pumps were not on. It is unlikely the pilot turned them off during the climb, but rather that he never turned them on initially, as required by the flight manual and checklist. Although he was certified for multiengine and instrument flight, the pilot's demonstrated proficiency was not good enough to earn him a transition certificate. He was nervous and uncomfortable about the flight. Self-induced psychological stress over his minimal experience in the newly converted, high performance airplane may have contributed to, or been responsible for, his uneasiness. Given the pilot's recorded lack of proficiency in the Aerostar, he probably was not

capable, in a stressful situation, of performing the steps in the emergency checklists for "Engine Failure During Flight" and "Restarting Feathered Engine" which contain up to 28 steps. Once dual engine failure occurred, the situation exceeded the pilot's capabilities, and he lost control of the aircraft.

Human error isn't limited to only those who work inside the cockpit, although fliers usually (but not always) suffer the most from the mistakes made.

CASE THREE

The crew of Ozark Flight 650, a DC-9, stated they first saw the ground and approach lights at about 200 feet above the ground, and then saw the runway. Because the ATIS reported blowing snow, the crew was not surprised to see snow blowing across the runway about 2,000 feet beyond the threshold.

The airplane made a smooth touchdown about 1,000 feet down the runway. The spoilers deployed and the copilot, who was flying, had just begun to apply reverse thrust when the airplane entered a cloud of snow. At that time, the right wing struck a large snowsweeping vehicle traveling in the same direction. The crew stated that at no time did they see a vehicle or a rotating beacon, and they felt the snow cloud was the reported blowing snow.

The right wing separated from the airplane on impact, and a large flash fire erupted from the escaping fuel. The airplane continued until it departed the runway on the left side and came to rest 4,125 feet from the approach end.

Passengers evacuated the aircraft by using escape slides at the two forward exits. There were no injuries to passengers or flightcrew, but the snowsweeper operator was killed.

During winter months many northern runways, taxiways, and air carrier ramp areas are cleared of snow while being used by aircraft. All vehicles operating on or adjacent to usable runways or taxiways are required to be equipped with two-way radios and must be in contact with the tower.

The transcript of tower communications shows that neither the approach nor local controller advised Ozark 650 of snow removal operations. Also, the local controller did not communicate with the sweeper after he took the hand off of Ozark 650. The transcript showed that in the 12 minutes preceeding the accident, the controller had six communications with the sweeper, involving position reports by the sweeper operator, clearance to cross an intersecting runway, clearance off the runway for a landing airplane, and then back on the runway. The last communication between the controller and the sweeper occurred about six minutes before the mishap.

When asked when he last recalled seeing the sweeper, the controller responded he knew it had crossed Runway 33 southwest bound toward the approach end of Runway 03, and he had lost sight of it at that time. When the controller was asked where the sweeper was when he issued the landing clearance, he stated he did not know.

Anyone can make a mistake. After all, we're all human. What we must do is minimize the number of mistakes made and eliminate completely those caused by personality flaws. Remember, the error you make may not only end your life, but also the lives of those who depend upon you.

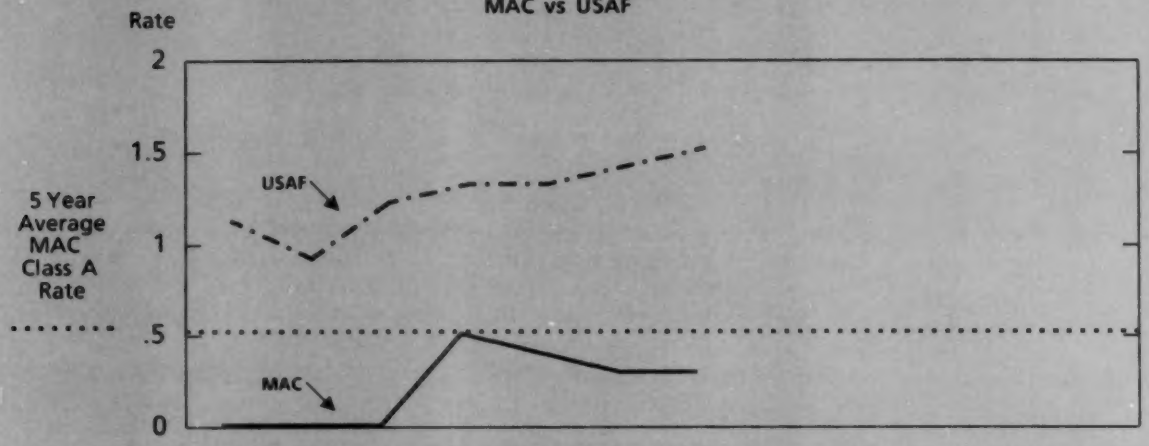
Adapted from *NTSB/AAR-85/01/SUM.*

As an added feature of our ongoing mishap awareness and prevention efforts, we will periodically publish the table for Class A aircraft mishaps. The table outlines the MAC and AF rates and is broken down by NAF and weapon system. Due to publication lead time and the lag time involved in compiling the statistics, data is available only through Apr 90.

AIRCRAFT CLASS A MISHAP RATE

FY90

MAC vs USAF



	OCT	NOV	DEC	JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUN	JUL	AUG	SEP
MAC Rate	**0.0**	**0.0**	**0.0**	**0.5**	**0.4**	**0.3**	**0.3**					
USAF Rate	**1.1**	**0.9**	**1.2**	**1.3**	**1.3**	**1.4**	**1.5**					
21 Air Force Rate	0.0	0.0	0.0	1.3	1.1	0.9	0.8					
22 Air Force Rate	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0					
23 Air Force Rate	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0					
ARS Rate	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0					
MAC Mishaps by Month	0	0	0	1	0	0	0					
Fatalities	0	0	0	1	0	0	0					
Destroyed Aircraft	0	0	0	0	0	0	0					

RATES BY WEAPON SYSTEM

C-5	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0					
C-9	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0					
C-130	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0					
C-141	0.0	0.0	0.0	1.2	0.9	0.8	0.7					
ALL HELO	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0					
OSA	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0					

RATE = $\frac{\text{Total No. Mishaps* X 100,000}}{\text{Hours Flown*}}$

*Cumulative from 1 October through 30 September.

NOTES:
Class A Mishap = Fatality, permanent total disability, destroyed aircraft, or damage of $1,000,000 or more.
ALL HELO = All H-1, H-3, H-53, H-60 models.
OSA = C-12, C-20, C-21, C-22, C-23, T-39, T-43, C-135, C-137, C-140.

C.R. TERROR

Unclassified at last . . . C.R.'s role in "Just Because".

"It was a dark and stormy night . . ." C. R.'s eyelids dropped as he slumped in the overstuffed chair in the corner of the crew lounge. His most recently started dime novel fell to the floor beside the chair along with others he had finished that week. The Clever Clutcher of the Collective, along with Sammy, his copilot, and Max and Ty, his gunners, had been on alert with other MH-60G gunship crews, for a week. All this, in anticipation of some, in C. R.'s words, "outlandish" contingency operation. Just as the MAC Maverick was about to enter his usual state of semiconsciousness, an announcement came over the loudspeaker. "All aircrews report to the briefing room immediately." The briefing was short, concise, and to the point. The newly outfitted H-60s would be put to the test as actual fire power-tottin' gunships in support of a little operation in Central America, code-named "Just Because."

Preparations for launch proceeded smoothly as aircraft were preflighted, weapons issued, and tanker coordination confirmed. "Sammy, m'lad, we're goin' to war," spouted the Prince of Pilotage as he emerged from his latest visit to the men's room.

"You're not nervous, are you boss?" queried Sammy, a hint of uneasiness in his voice.

"Not at all m'boy, merely the usual effects of Tassle's chili," resounded the Once Rotund One. "She's not a great cook, but there isn't a dish in existence that can't be made edible with plenty of onions and hot sauce."

As C. R. and Sammy made their way to the flight line on that cloudy December morning, an eerie calm pervaded the surroundings. They had come full circle. Years of training were about to pay big dividends. Crew positions manned, the lethal arm of American foreign policy took its place in the launch sequence.

"This is it," muttered Sammy under his breath as the H-60 took the position for takeoff. "I sure hope the boss has his stuff in a little chamois bag for this one."

Departure and climb out through the weather were uneventful for our Fearless Flingwing Foursome. C. R., with plenty of prompting from Sammy, completed most of the climb and cruise checklists.

"If the ceiling is like this down South," chirped Sammy, "the bad guys won't even see us com in.' It could make the AR a bit sporty though."

"Balderdash, Sammy," muttered the Maestro of MAC Machines, as he struggled through a rusty crosscheck to maintain some semblance of controlled flight.

As time passed, the cloud cover thinned and stars became visible through the blur of rotor blades. The Great One's imagination whirred with visions of ticker tape parades and White House award ceremonies subsequent to his return from the great war as the latest and greatest American hero. Why, he might even become as famous as his own personal idol, Hulk Hogan.

C. R.'s daydreaming was cut short by Sammy's announcement that their first AR was rapidly approaching.

"We need to do our hot armament safety checks before we hit the tanker, boss," reminded Sammy.

"Nonsense, m'boy," chortled the Master Manipulator. "By all indications, these guns are as safe as Snow White in the hands of the dwarfs. Additional checks are unnecessary and time-consuming. Besides," spouted C. R., "this is combat!"

Sammy groaned as the Addled Aviator fumbled with controls in preparation for the upcoming AR. Contrary to regulations, though under his leader's direction, Sammy flashed the white light to the HC-130 tanker as it pulled abeam at the three o'clock position to the helo, signaling they were ready to commence the AR. Surprisingly, the NORDO refueling came off without a hitch. The Omnipotent One's ability "on the hose" surprised even his illustrious copilot.

With the refueling out of the way, the crew settled back for the next leg of their journey. Sammy flew the war machine as C. R. bantered war story after war story. The Magic Major was just finishing the eighth such encounter when he stopped in mid-sentence. "What is it, boss?" queried Sammy.

C. R.'s countenance grew somber as he fixated on a dimly lit shape outlined by the approaching dawn. "This is it, men. We've found the bad guys," blurted the Ambient Aviator. "Ready the guns; man battle stations; damn the torpedoes and full speed ahead!"

"Are you sure, chief?" asked Sammy, as confusion reigned aboard the helo.

"Undoubtedly!" roared C. R. as he slowed the chopper and popped up to attack altitude. "It's a fully-armed bad guy boat, Sammy!"

"Boss, I don't think . . . ." Sammy's words were drowned out by the roar of the miniguns as The Great One rolled in on what was, indeed, an armed surface vessel.

"Crew positions manned, the lethal arm of American foreign policy took its place in the launch sequence."

"They're shootin' back," yelled Ty from his gunner's position.

"We're hit!" screamed Max from the opposite side of the helo. "We took a round in the tail rotor."

As C. R. pulled off the target, which he had missed by a good 200 meters on his strafing run, a lump formed in his throat. The bright orange stripe down the side of the craft, crest on its bow, and words "U.S. Coast Guard" shone clearly in the early morning light.

"We're going to have to head for home, skipper," yelled Max from the rear of the chopper. "It's not too bad, but this high frequency vibration is going to rattle our teeth if we don't get this baby on the ground."

The trip home was ominously quiet as The Bibulous Bumbler readied himself for what he knew was coming. Sure enough, as the crippled war machine shut down engines, a parade of staff cars approached. C. R. had little doubt as to the rank of his reception committee as the "stars" began pouring out of the cars.

"Do you realize, major," screamed General Shortfuse, "that you nearly jeopardized this entire operation?"

"Thanks to your bumbling," yelled General Headstrong, "the *real* bad guys had advance warning. It's just lucky they were as disorganized as you appear to be."

"You are, indeed, fortunate," roared Admiral Saddleback, "that you're such a lousy shot. My people on that Coast Guard cutter should have blown you out of the sky. As it is, they'll be looking for you when they pull into port."

"Well, boss, you did it again," mumbled Sammy, once they were alone. "I know why everyone else in the Air Force wears a scarf with their flight suits, but I didn't realize until today why you wear one. Its possible uses are endless, but I've never seen it used before as a tourniquet to stop profuse bleeding caused by so many generals chewing on your backside."

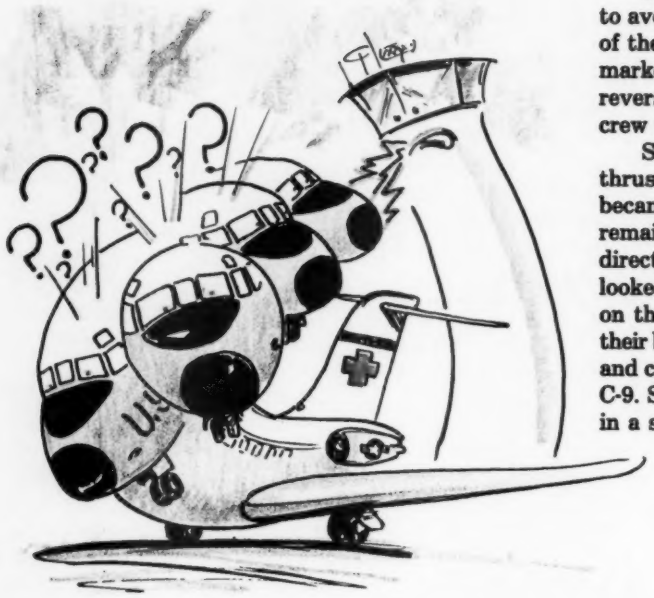
"Very funny, m'boy," groaned The Cynical Celebrant. "I do believe it's time for a few weeks' leave in some mountainous part of this great land of ours. I may want to get as far away as possible from any port a Coast Guard cutter could put in . . . self-preservation, you know."

"Aw, boss," chided Sammy, "you're not scared of a few sailors, are you?"

"Not at all, m'lad," defended The Pompous Pilot. "I'm taking leave . . . well . . . *just because.*"

QUICKSTOPPERS

YOU WANT US TO DO WHAT?



The crew of this C-9 purposely landed a little long to avoid fighter-arresting gear on the approach end of the runway. Passing the "3,000 feet remaining" marker, the AC prepared to deploy the thrust reversers. Before he could act, Tower instructed the crew to "take it around."

Since the aircraft had still not deployed the thrust reversers, they were able to comply and became airborne with less than 200 feet of runway remaining. When asked why the go-around was directed, the tower controller responded that it looked like the plane wasn't going to be able to stop on the remaining runway, and the takeoff was for their benefit. After landing, the AC phoned the Tower and carefully explained the stopping abilities of the C-9. Since when does Tower dictate aircrew actions in a situation like this?

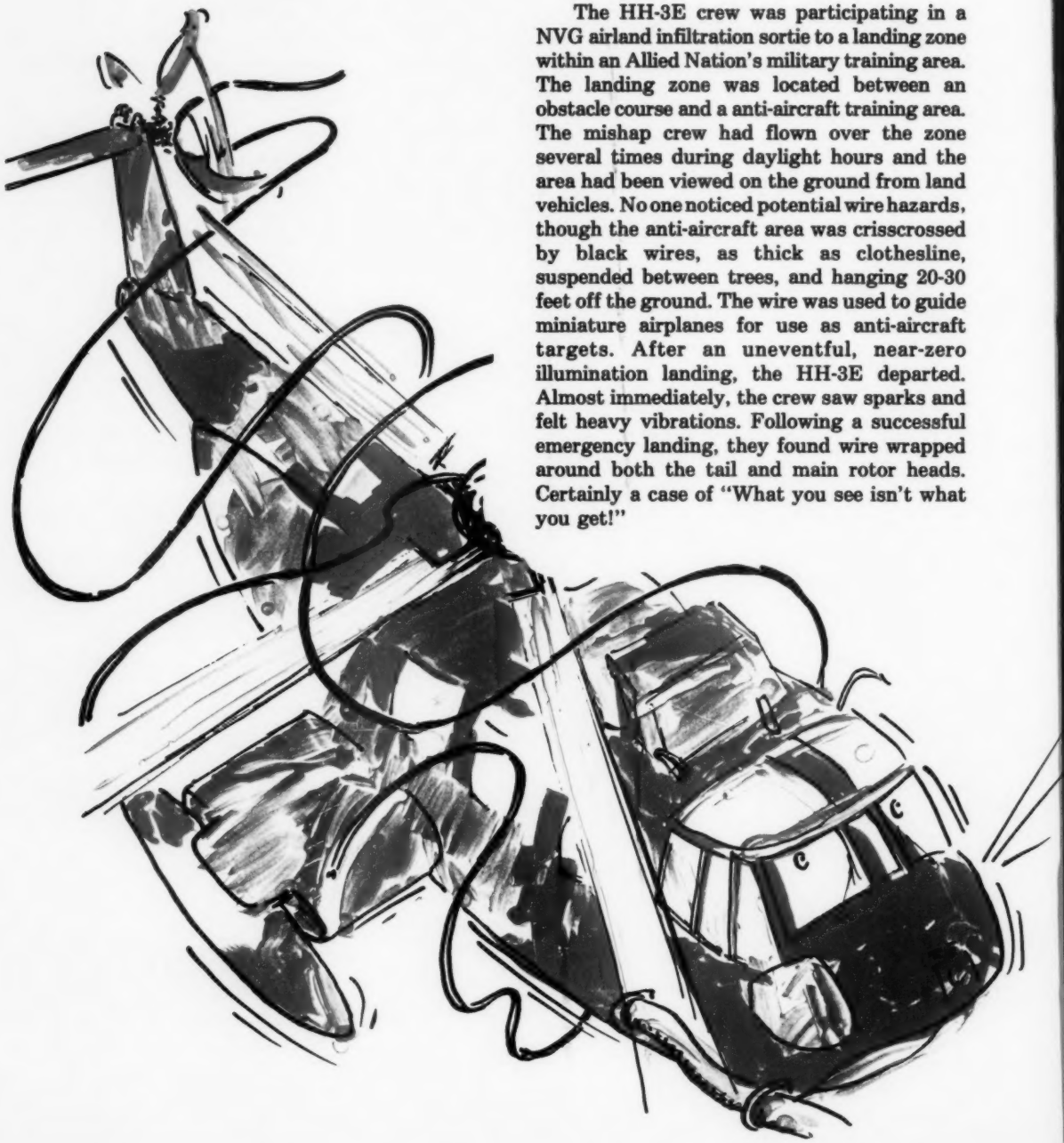
YOU'RE NOT DWIGHT GOODEN

The helicopter was on the ground, blades turning in flight idle. The pilot had exited the aircraft and was changing the 6-volt batteries in the MILES system. He then attempted, contrary to regulation and good judgment, to throw the battery away but its trajectory was too high and it was struck by the main rotor blade. Damage to the blade was fatal, and its connected parts were returned to depot for sudden-stoppage inspection. How much effort do you think it would have taken to stow the battery until it could be properly disposed of?

GREEN DOESN'T ALWAYS MEAN GO

During climbout, passing 15,000 feet, a C-141 encountered a two-mile thick band of what appeared to be light rain showers. The weather forecast had not predicted any turbulence and their radar showed only undefined "green" returns. Shortly after entering the band and going IMC, the crew experienced a single jolt of "moderate" turbulence. Unfortunately, the scanner was still conducting his after-takeoff walkaround and found himself propelled upward to the ceiling and falling back, bouncing off the floor rollers. No permanent physical damage resulted, but the scanner was dented enough to need two nights in the hospital, followed by two weeks of convalescent leave. What appear to be harmless actions in the front can certainly cause noteworthy reactions to those in the back.

WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?



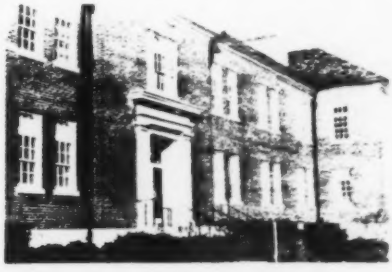
The HH-3E crew was participating in a NVG airland infiltration sortie to a landing zone within an Allied Nation's military training area. The landing zone was located between an obstacle course and a anti-aircraft training area. The mishap crew had flown over the zone several times during daylight hours and the area had been viewed on the ground from land vehicles. No one noticed potential wire hazards, though the anti-aircraft area was crisscrossed by black wires, as thick as clothesline, suspended between trees, and hanging 20-30 feet off the ground. The wire was used to guide miniature airplanes for use as anti-aircraft targets. After an uneventful, near-zero illumination landing, the HH-3E departed. Almost immediately, the crew saw sparks and felt heavy vibrations. Following a successful emergency landing, they found wire wrapped around both the tail and main rotor heads. Certainly a case of "What you see isn't what you get!"

After Deadlines

THEY'RE BACK - For the first time in 18 years a Galaxy has landed in Nicaragua. A C-5 from the 436th Military Airlift Wing, Dover AFB, Del., recently delivered 110,000 pounds of larvicide, and 60,000 pounds of medical supplies and equipment to this Central American country. The supplies were sent because officials expressed concern over the possibility of outbreaks of dengue fever and malaria. The last time a C-5 touched down in Nicaragua was in 1972 when we provided earthquake assistance.

FSOs TAKE NOTE - MAC guidance on reporting of engine malfunctions, loss of pressurization and FOD mishaps was updated by HQ MAC/IGF Msg, DTG 222000Z May 90. In case you missed your copy, here's the short version. You should report engine malfunction mishaps, whether they occur while airborne or on the ground, using normal message reporting procedures. The soon-to-be released MACSUP 1 to AFR 127-4 will reflect this change. In addition, when reporting pressurization mishaps, use appropriate reporting procedures (standard or abbreviated) when physiological symptoms occur; when no symptoms occur, report by log. Finally, report FOD mishaps using procedures outlined in AFR 127-4, Para 4-9. Do not use a log to report FOD mishaps. For further information the HQ/MAC POC is Major Rich Laski at AV 576-3522.

THE MOVE IS ON - By the time this issue makes it to your office, all of HQ MAC/IG including TMF, will have abandoned, barely in front of the wreckers-ball, our old offices in Building 1522. We can now be found in Building P-40E, a fine brick structure at the intersection of McClelland and B streets, that formally housed Air Force Communications Command Headquarters. Unfortunately, when the AFCC folks left, the phones went with them, so there may have been a period of time when the only communications getting through to us were those sent by smoke signals, Morse Code, and Western Union. Mailing addresses and phone numbers should have remained the same. We apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused.



★ U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1990-734-014/20009

New form of nose art from Blues Brothers' Airline, also known as 928 TAG (RES).